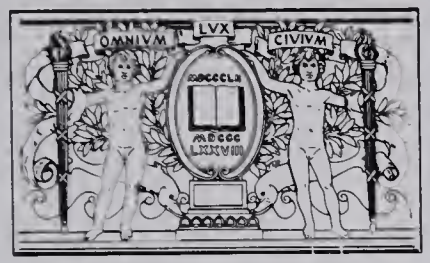
THE PAN PIPES
WALTER CRANE
THEO: MARZIALS



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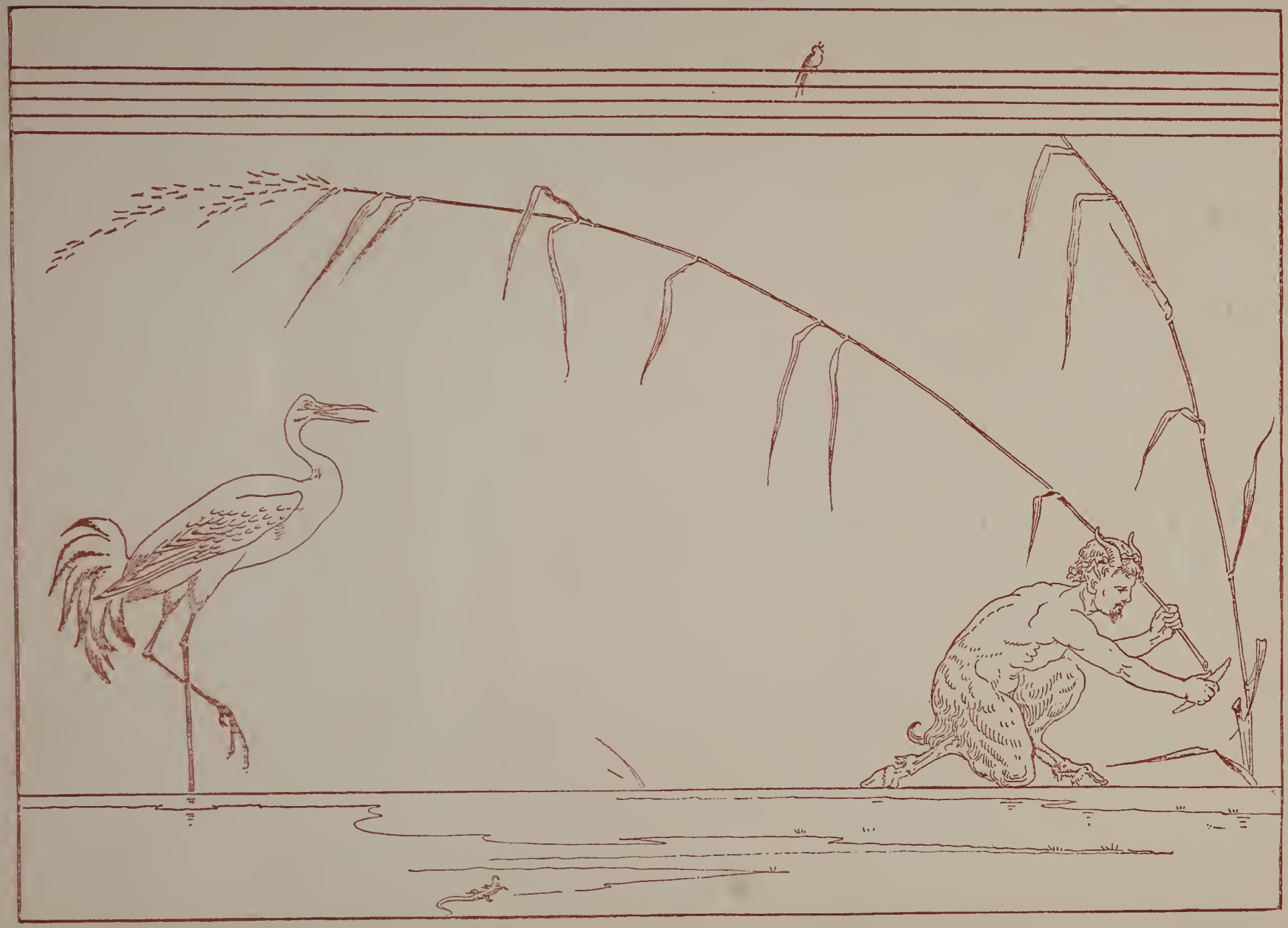

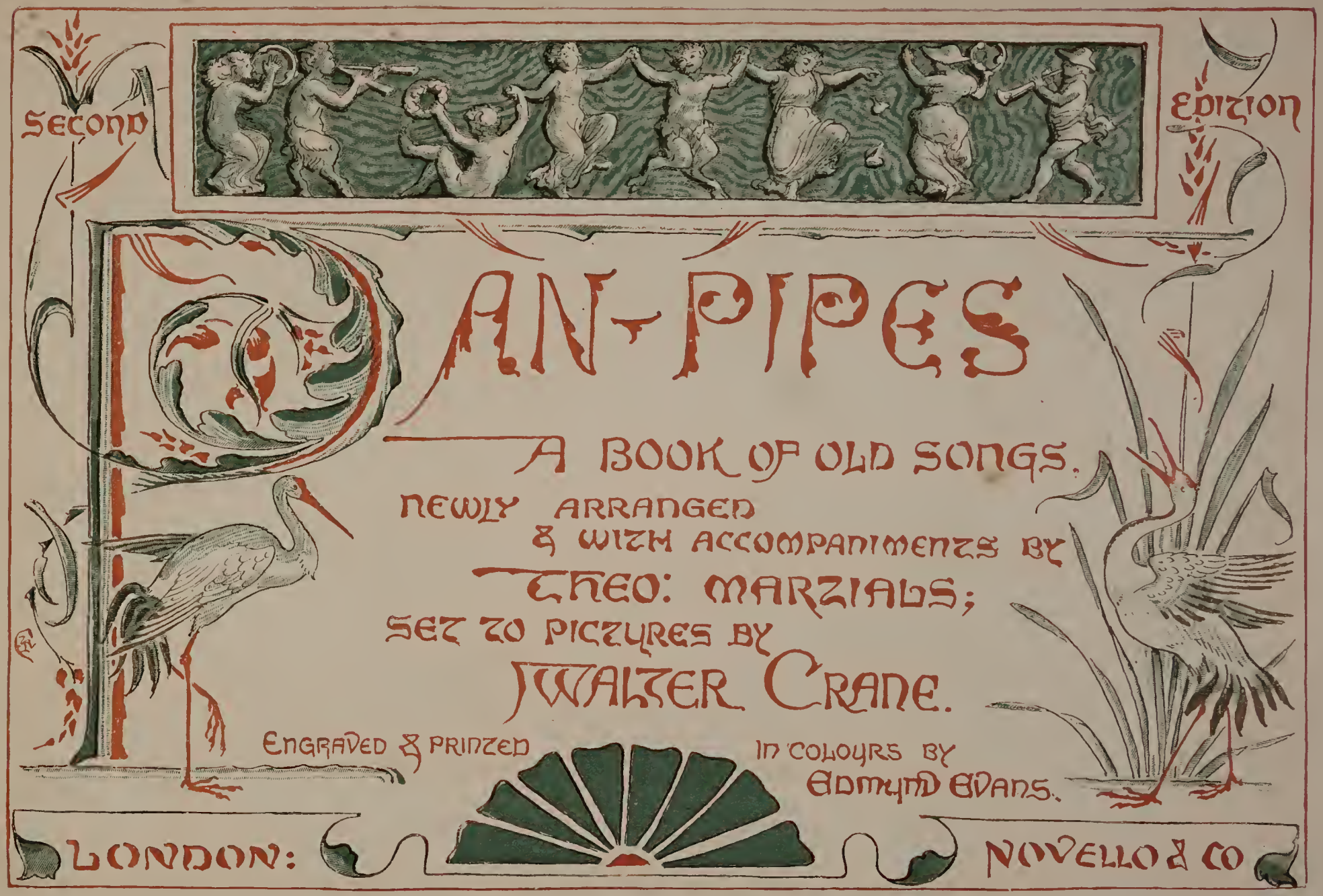

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

Gift of
Hugh Connor

MUSIC
ML 89
P3
1903X

PREFACE

In the adaptation to Mr. Walter Crane's "Pan-pipes," of these old homely ditties I have rather aimed at simplicity and a somewhat countrified manner than an air of archæology. With some, I have taken a singer's license in the way of slight alterations, I might call them "individualities;" much as a country-piper might take with tunes so familiar as to become almost a part of himself. I need hardly say that the task which has been one of extreme delight to me, would have been most difficult, perhaps impossible, without the learned and well-known selections of Mr. Chappell and Mr Hullah. I have also to thank Mr. Stanly Lucas for permission to include Mr. Lawson's setting of the old "Come live with me." We had intended to gather only from an old-world garden—the pansy and marjoram of song as it were—but we were frail before Mr. Lawson's tudoresque and most sympathetic melody.

THEO. MARZIALS.

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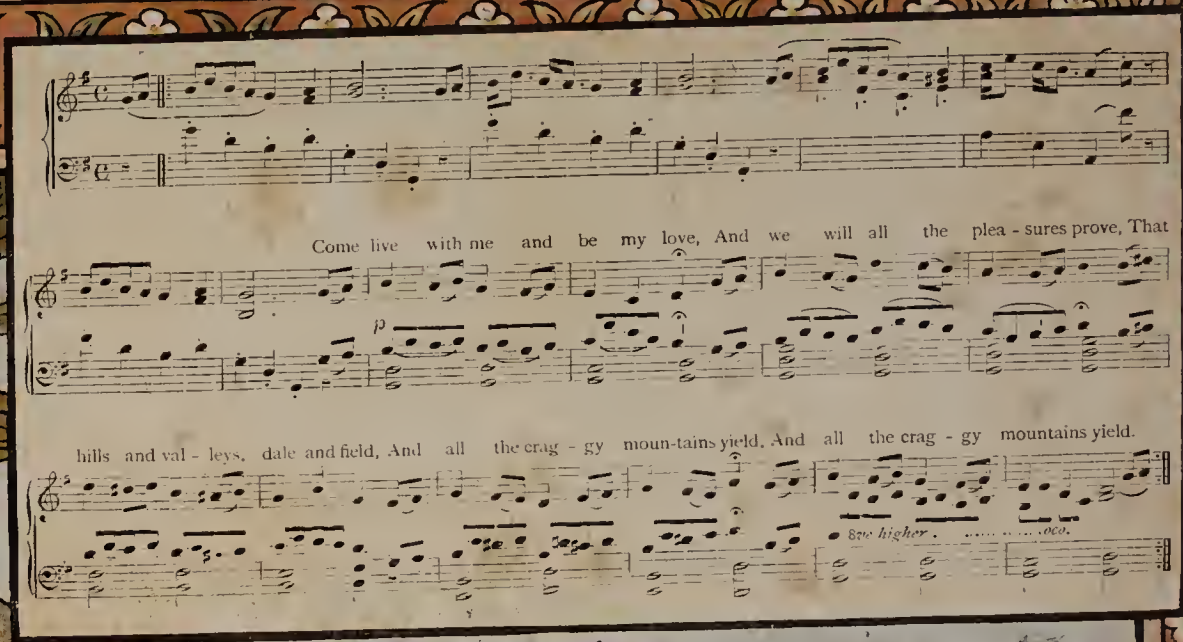
The music of "The Passionate Shepherd" (M. LAWSON) is copyright, as also are the accompaniments of the other songs, as well as the designs in this book. We have to thank Messrs. MACMILLAN AND CO. for their courtesy in allowing us to make use of Mr. CHAPPELL'S "Popular Music of the Olden Time," and Messrs. STANLY LUCAS AND CO. for Mr. LAWSON'S song.

"COME·LIVE·WITH·ME"



There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodius birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies:
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move
Then, live with me, and be my love.

Pas - time with good com - pa - ny I love, and shall un - til I die; Grudge who will, but none de - ny, So God be pleased this

life will I: For my pastance, hunt, sing, and dance, My heart is set, All good-ly sport to my com - fort Who shall, who shall..... me let?

Youth will have needs dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company methinketh best
All thoughts and fancies to digest—
For idleness is chief mistress
Of vices all:
Then who can say but pass the day
Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue and vice to flee;
Company is good or ill,
But ev'ry man hath his free will:
The best I sue, the worst eschew,
My mind shall be;
Virtue to use, vice to refuse,
I shall use me.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, and it is well-nigh day,..... And Har-ry our King is gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay.....

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
The merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.
The hunt is up, &c.

JOG ON, JOG ON

1. Jog on, jog on the foot path - way, And mer - ri - ly hent the

Brisk. *f* *ff*

stile - a, Your mer - ry heart goes all the day, Your sad heart tires in a

p *poco rall.* *pp*

mile - a.

f

2 Your paltry money-bags of gold—
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have the less to care for.

3 Then cast away care, let sorrow cease,
A fig for melancholy;
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

1 It was a lo - ver and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non-ny no, and a hey, non-ny no - ni no; That o'er the green corn-fields did pass In springtime, in springtime, in springtime, The on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo- vers love the spring!

2 Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, &c.,
These pretty country folks would lie
In springtime, &c.

3 This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, &c.;
How that life was but a flower
In springtime, &c.

4 Then, pretty lovers, take the time,
With a hey, &c.;
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, &c.

'TWAS · IN · THE · MERRY · MONTH of MAY ·

1. In the mer - ry month of May, On a morn at break of day, Forth I walked the wood so wide, When but May was in her pride; There I spied, all alone, all a- lone— Phil - li - da and Co - ry - don.

2 Much ado there was, Got wot,
He would love, but she would not;
She said man was never true—
He said none was false to you;
He said he had loved too long—
She said love should have no wrong.

3 Corydon would kiss her then—
She said maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
That never loved a truer youth.

4 Thus with many a pretty oath:
Yea and nay, and faith and troth—
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME

1. O what a plague is love— I can - not bear it; She will in con - stant prove

Pastoral. p

I great - ly fear it; It so tor - ments my mind That my heart fail - eth— She wa - vers

f *p*

with the wind, As a ship sail - eth. Please her the best I may, She loves but

f *f cres.*

to gain - say. A - lack, and well - a - day! Phil - li - da flouts me.

ff *p* *pp slow.*

2 At the fair t'other day
As she passed by me,
She looked another way
And would not spy me;
I wooed her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Dick had her to the vine—
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she would not glance;
Oh, thrice unhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me.

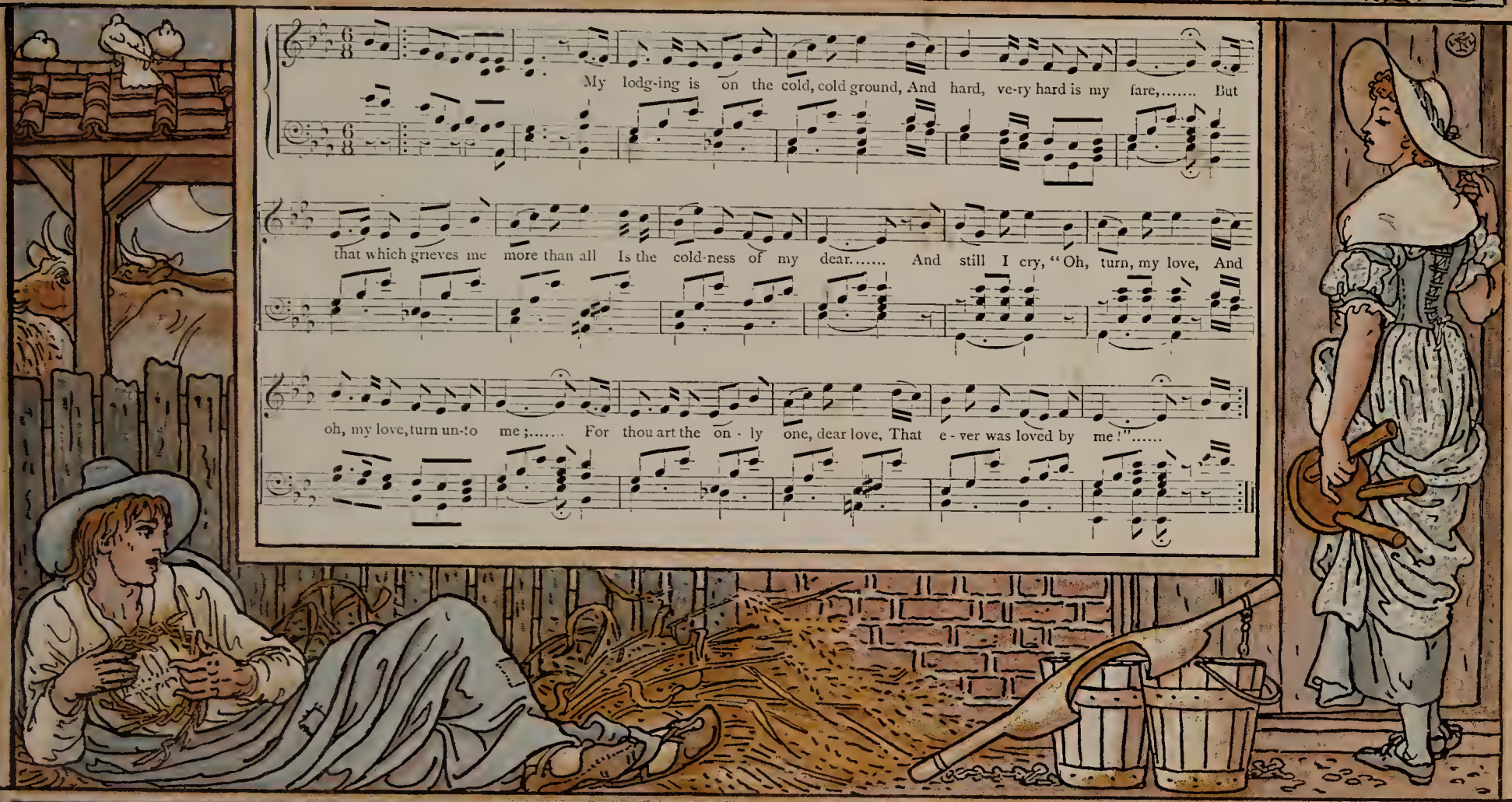
3 I often heard her say
That she loved posies—
In the last month of May
I gave her roses,
Cowslips, and gilly flowers,
And the sweet lily
I got to deck the bowers
Of my sweet Philly.
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again:
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

4 Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting.
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting;
Drink whey and honey-wine,
Eat bramble herries,
Pie-lid and pasty-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin,
Yet all's not worth a pin—
Phillida flouts me.

5 Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me;
And what soe'er I do,
Nothing contents me.
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow,
I fall quite to decay
Like any shadow:
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
And all because my dear
Phillida flouts me.

6 She has a cloth of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps as a sign
Of my fidelity:
But if she frowns on me
She shall not wear it—
I'll give it my maid Joan,
And she shall tear it.
Since 't will no better be,
I'll bear it patiently,
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

MY·LODGING·IS·ON·THE·COLD·GROUND



With a garland of straw I will crown thee, my love,
I will marry thee with a rush ring;
Thy frozen heart shall melt at my love,
So tenderly I shall sing.
Yet still I cry, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, my love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart, dear love,
And live on in the world all alone.
But still I cry, &c.

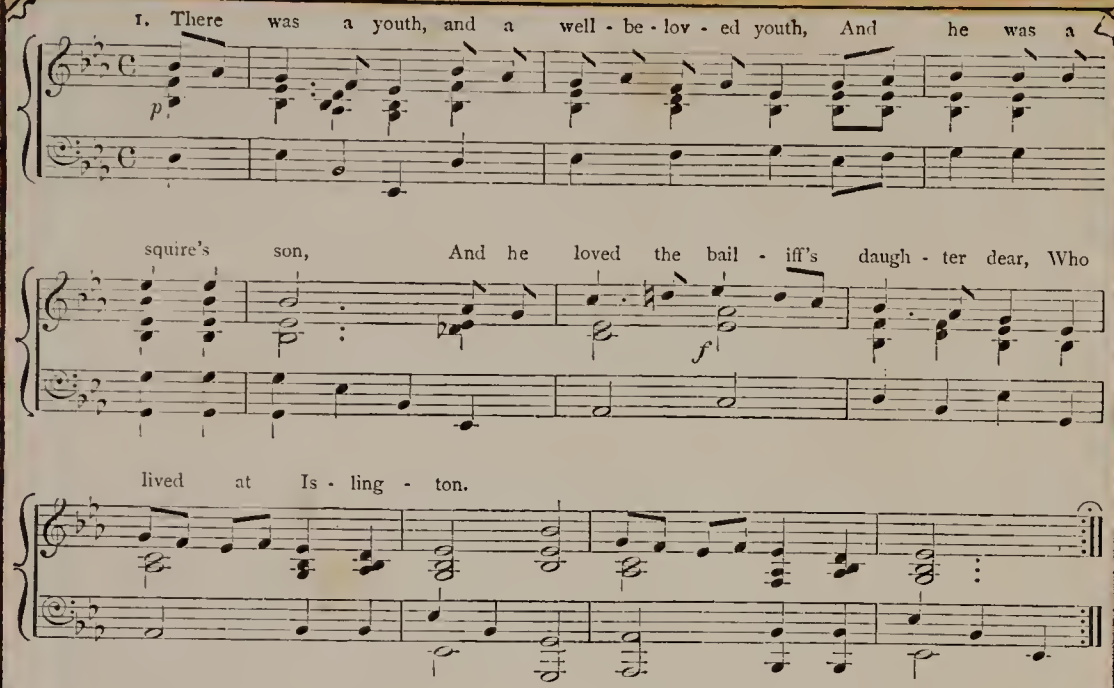
A Poor Beggar's Daughter

1. A poor beg-gar's daugh-ter did dwell on a green, Who for her fair-ness might well be a queen—A blithe, bon-ny lass, and a dain-ty, was she, And ma-ny there called her the pret-ty Bes-sie.

2 Her father he had no goods nor no land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

3 If anyone here her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree—
Therefore do not flout at the pretty Bessie.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON



2 But she was coy, and never would
On him her love bestow
Till he was sent to London town,
Because he loved her so.

3 When seven long years had passed away,
She put on ragged attire,
And forth she went from Islington
Her true love to inquire.

4 And as she went along the highroad—
The weather being hot and dry—
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by:

5 She started up, with a colour so red,
And caught hold of his bridle rein,—
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

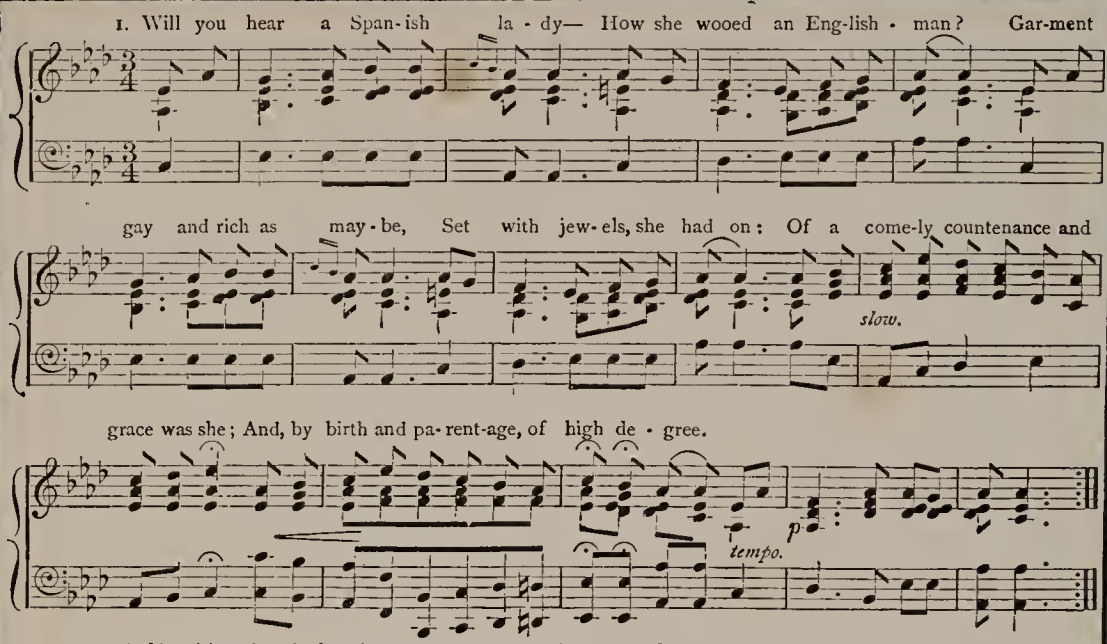
6 "Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have dealt with many a scorn."

7 "I prithee, sweetheart, oh, tell to me,
Oh, tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She's dead, sir, long ago."

8 "If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

9 "Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth—
She standeth by thy side!
She is not dead; she is here alive,
And ready to be thy bride!"

THE SPANISH LADY



2 As his pris'ner there he kept her;
On his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye:
In his courteous company was all her joy;
To favour him she was not coy.

3 But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adornèd—
None to do them injury:
Then said this lady mild—"Full woe is me;
Let me still sustain this kind captivity!"

4 "How should'st thou, fair lady, love me
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may light.

5 "Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termèd,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
To your country bear away that is your own."

6 "Courteous ladye, leave this fancy;—
Here comes all that breeds the strife—
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gain,
Nor for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

7 "Oh, how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!—
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which from love and true affection did commence.

8 "I will spend my days in prayer;
Love and all his laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this—
To pray for thee, love, I will never miss.

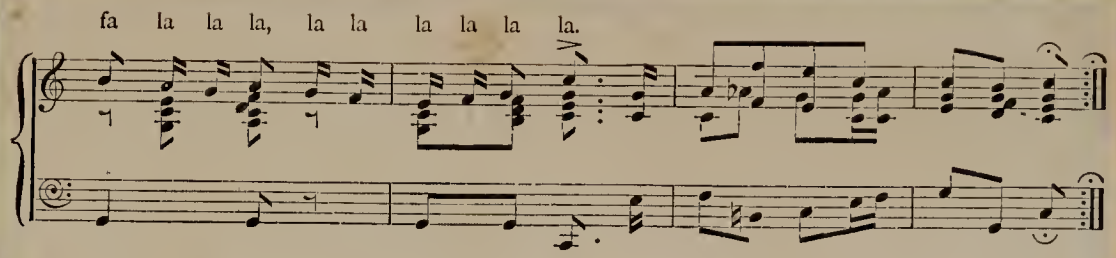
9 "Thus farewell, most gallant captain:
Farewell, too, my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, ladie."

TO ALL YOU LADIES

1. To all you la - dies now on land, We men at sea in - dite; But

first would have you un - der-stand How hard it is to write: The

mu - ses now, and Nep - tune too, We must im - plore to write to you. With a



2.

For though the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fal la, &c.

3.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fal la, &c.

4.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fal la, &c.

5.

Let wind and weather do its worst,—
Be you to us but kind,—
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fal la, &c.

LORD DORSET.

DRINK·TO·ME·ONLY·WITH·THINE·EYES·

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,.....

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;.....

But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine....

2 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send'st it back to me—
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

NOW O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART.

1. Now, oh, now I needs must part! Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn:

Smooth and sad.

Ab - sence can no joy im - part; Joy once fled can ne'er re - turn.

Sad de-spair doth drive me hence— That de - spair un - kind-ness sends: If that part-ing

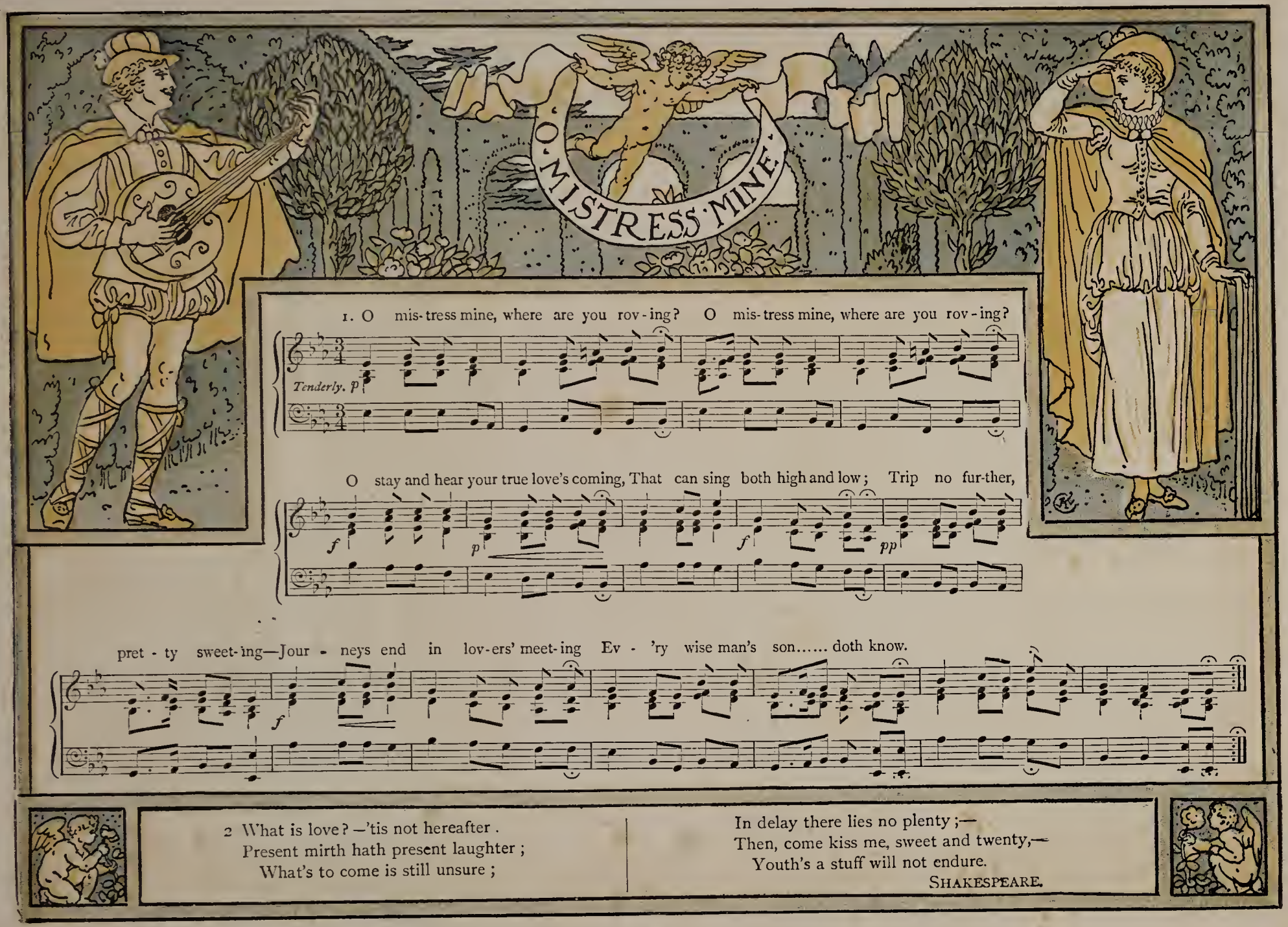
be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.

2 While I live I needs must love—
Love lives not when life is gone:
Now, at last, despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once!
I loved thee, and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.

3 While I live I needs must love—
Love lives not when life is gone:
Now, at last, despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.

And, although your sight I leave—
Sight wherein my joys do lie—
Till that death do sense bereave
Never shall affection die.


O MISTRESS MINE
1. O mis-tress mine, where are you rov-ing? O mis-tress mine, where are you rov-ing?
Tenderly. p
O stay and hear your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low; Trip no fur-ther,
f
p
f
pp
pret-ty sweet-ing—Jour-neys end in lov-ers' meet-ing Ev-'ry wise man's son..... doth know.
f
2 What is love? —'tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;—
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

1. O - er the moun-tains, And o - ver the waves; Un-der the foun-tains, And un-der the graves; Un-der floods that are deep - est, Which Nep - tune o - bey; O-ver rocks that are the steep- est, Love will find out the way.

2.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

3.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

4.

Some think to lose him
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind!
But if ne'er so close you wall him—
Do the best that you may—
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out his way.

5.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

1. I sowed the seeds of love,..... It was all in the spring,..... In A - pril, May, and sun - ny June, When small birds they do sing,..... When small birds they do sing.....

2.

My garden was planted full
Of flowers everywhere,
But for myself I could not choose
The flower I held so dear.

3.

My gardener was standing by,
And he would choose for me:
He chose the primrose, the lily, the pink—
But those I refused all three.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

4.

The primrose I did reject
  Because it came too soon;
The lily and pink I overlooked,
  And vowed I would wait till June.

5.

In June came the rose so red,
  And that's the flower for me:
But when I gathered the rose so dear,
  I gained but the willow-tree.

6

Oh, the willow-tree will twist,
  And the willow-tree will twine:
And I would I were in the young man's arms
  That ever has this heart of mine.

7.

My gardener, as he stood by,
  He bade me take great care,
For if I gathered the rose so red,
  There groweth up a sharp thorn there.

8.

I told him I'd take no care
  Till I did feel the smart,
And still did press the rose so dear,
  Till the thorn did pierce my heart.

9.

A posy of hyssop I'll make,
  No other flower I'll touch,
That all the world may plainly see
  I love one flower too much.

10.

My garden is now run wild;
  When I shall plant anew,
My bed, that once was filled with thyme,
  Is now o'errun with rue.

EARLY ONE MORNING

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a maid

Softly, and not too slow.

sing in the val - ley be - low:..... "Oh, don't de - ceive me!

oh, do not leave me! How could you use a poor maid - en

f

so?.....

2.

"Oh, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow:
Oh, don't deceive me! oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

3.

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary;
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true:
Oh, don't deceive me! oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

4.

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me! oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

O, WILLOW, WILLOW

1. A poor soul sat sigh-ing by a sy - ca-more tree, Sing wil - low, wil-low, wil-low, With his

p Very sad.

hand in his bo - som, and his head up - on his knee, Oh! wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil - low, Oh!

wil- low, wil-low, wil-low, wil - low, my gar - land shall be, Sing all a green wil - low,

wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, Ah me, the green wil- low my gar -land shall be.

f

2 He sighed in his singing and made a great moan,
Sing willow, &c.
"I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone,"
Oh! willow, &c.

3 The mute bird sat by him, made tame by his moans,
Sing willow, &c.
The true tears fell from him and melted the stones,
Oh! willow, &c.

4 Come, all you forsaken, and mourn you with me,
Sing willow, &c.
Who speaks of a false love, mine's falser than she.
Oh! willow, &c.

THE THREE RAVENS

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Down, hey down, hey down, hey down; They were as black as

p

they might be; With a down..... And one of them said to his mate, "Now where shall we our

p

break - fast take?" With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

2 There lies a knight in yonder field,
Down, hey down, &c.
All foully slain beneath his shield;
With a down.

His hounds about his feet you see;
They guard their lord right faithfully;
With a down, &c.

3 His faithful hawks above him fly;
Down, hey down, &c.
No bird of prey dare venture nigh;
With a down.

But yonder comes a fallow doe;
And to her knight she straight doth go;
With a down, &c.

4 She lifted up his lifeless head;
Down, hey down, &c.

She kissed his wounds, that were so red;
With a down.
She buried him before the prime;—
She died herself ere eventime;
With a down, &c.

SIR SIMON DE MONTFORT

1. Sir Si - mon de Mont - fort my sub - ject shall be: Once chief of all the great ba - rons was he; Yet

Stately. *f* *ff*

for - tune so cru - el this lord did de base, Now lost and for - got - ten are he and his race.....

f *p*

2 When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose:
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttime he made their enemies flee

3 At length, in the battle on Evesham Plain,
The barons were routed and Montfort was slain:
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie!

4 Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His eldest son, Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight—
A blow that for ever deprived him of sight.

5 Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he—
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie!

6 A baron's fair daughter stept forth in the night
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was movèd with pity and brought him away.

7 In secrecy she nursed him and 'suagèd his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain:
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

8 And now, lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothèd ourselves in beggar's array,
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we:
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

9 And here have we lived in fortune's despite,
Though mean, yet contented with humble delight;
Thus many long winters now have I been
The silly, blind beggar of Bethnall Green.

10 And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one that once to your rank did belong:
And thus you have learnèd a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie.

The LEATHER BOTTEL

1. When I sur - vey the world a-round—The won-drous things that do a - bound, The

Jovial. p

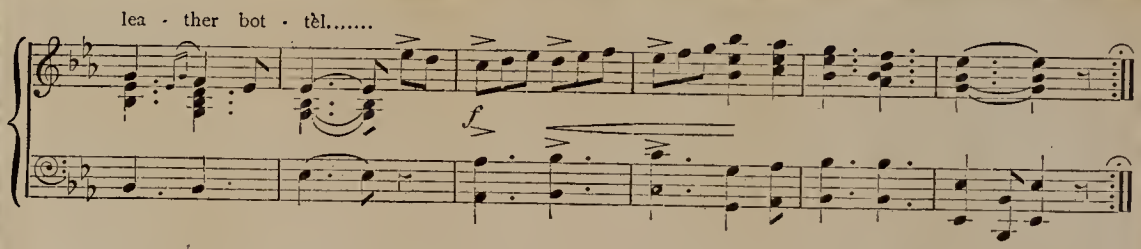
ships that on the sea do swim To keep our foes that none come in,— Ay!

p

let them all say what they can, 'Twas for one end—the use of man: So I

wish him joy wher - e'er he dwell, That first found out..... the

THE LEATHER BOTTEL CONTD



2 Now what do you say to these cans of wood?—
Oh, no, in faith, they cannot be good!
For if the bearer fall by the way
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen, all had been well:
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

3 Then what do you say to these glasses fine?—
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine!
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopper in, all had been well:
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

4 Then what do you say to these black pots three?—
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take:
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

5 At morn the haymakers sit them down
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm;
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle—
But what would they be without their bottle?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

6 And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in:
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

The Hunter in his Career

1. Long ere the morn Ex - pects the re - turn Of A - pol - lo from the o - cean queen; Be - fore the creak Of the crow, and the break Of the day in the wel - kin seen; Mount-ed he'd hal-lo And cheer-ful-ly fol-low To the chase with his bu - gle clear: E - cho doth he make And the moun - tain to shake With the thun - der of his ca - reer.

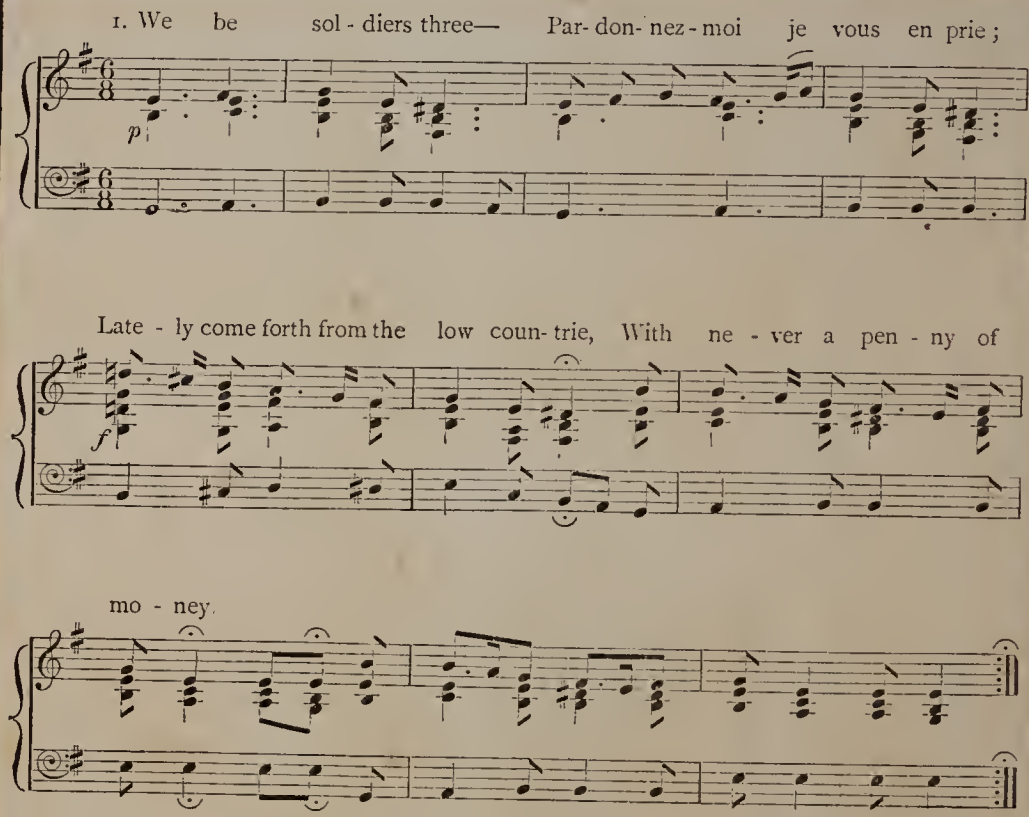
2 Now, bonny boy,
In his foine waxeth grey,
Dapple grey waxeth bay in his blood;
White Lily stops
With the scent in her chops,
And Black Lady makes it good.

Poor, silly Wat
In this wretched state
Forgets these delights to hear;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds
And the music of their career.

3 Thus he careers
Over heaths, over meres,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;
Till he hath won
The noon from the moon,
And the evening from the day.

This sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home again to his cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his career.

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE



2 Here, good fellow, I drink to thee—
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie;
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a stiver of money.

3 And he that will not pledge me thus—
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie;
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a stiver of money.

4 Charge it again, boy, charge it again—
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie;
As long as there's any ink in thy pen,
With never a stiver of money.

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME

1. Oh, I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, Such hea - vy thoughts my heart doth fill Since part- ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine or gay, For each would but re - mind me How sweet the hours did pass a - way With the girl I left be - hind me

f *ff* *f*

2 Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night—
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp—
Kind heaven, then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

3 Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swain repining.
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

4 The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her;
The vows we registered above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love—
The girl I've left behind me.

5 My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moored, The streamers wav - ing in the wind, When black-eyed

Su - san came on board—"Oh, where shall I..... my true love find? Tell me, ye jo - vial sai - lors, tell me

true, If my sweet William, If my sweet Wil- liam sails a-mong your crew."

2 William was high upon the yard,
Rocked by the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

3 "Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yet, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

4 "Oh, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows for ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear—
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass,
The faithful compass that still points to thee."

5 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss—she sighed—he hangs his head;
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waves her lily hand.

We Be Three Poor Mariners

1. We be three poor ma - ri-ners New - ly come home from seas ;..... We spend our lives in jeo - par - dy While ye live here at ease..... So we'll go dance a - round, around, a- - round, So we'll go dance a - round ; And he that is a bul-ly, bul-ly boy, Come, pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.

2 We care not for your martial men
That do the state disdain ;
But we care for your sailor lads
That do the state maintain.
So we'll go dance, &c.

1. On Fri - day morn, as we set sail, And our ship not far from the land, We there did es - py a fair, pret-ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her

p *ff* *p*

hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand. For the ra - ging seas did roar, And the stor-my winds did blow; And we jol - ly sail-or boys were

all up a-loft, And the land- lub-bers ly - ing down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the landsmen were all down be - low.

f cres. accel. *ff*

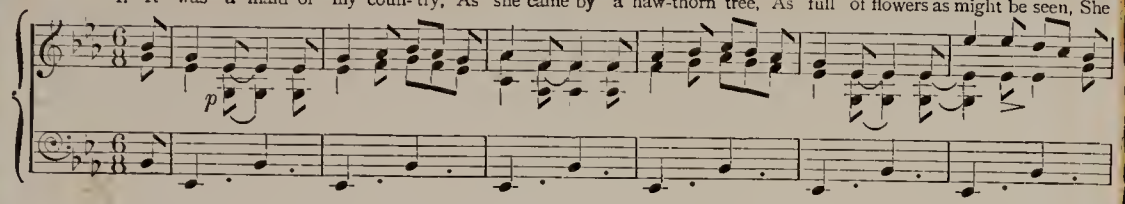
2.
Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a gallant captain was he:
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."
While the raging seas, &c.

3.
And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a fair-haired boy was he:
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas, &c.

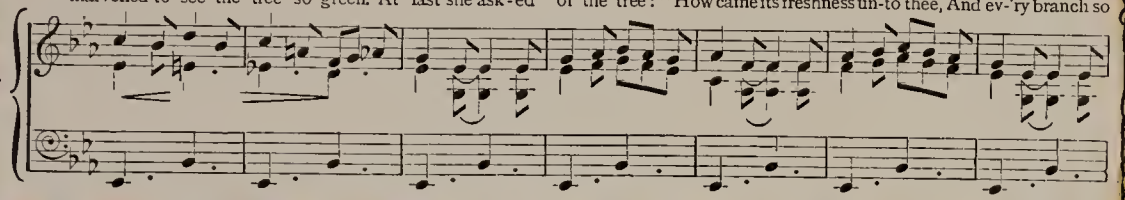
4.
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she:
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas, &c.

IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTREE

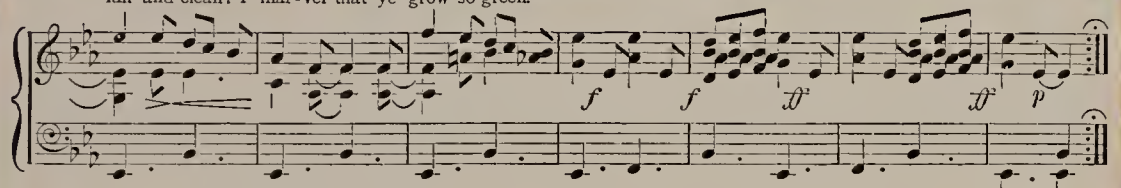
1. It was a maid of my coun-try, As she came by a haw-thorn tree, As full of flowers as might be seen, She



marvelled to see the tree so green. At last she ask-ed of the tree: "How came its freshness un-to thee, And ev-'ry branch so



fair and clean? I mar-vel that ye grow so green."



2 The tree made answer by and by:
"I have cause to grow triumphantly;
The sweetest dew that ever be seen,
Doth fall upon me to keep me green."

"Yea," quoth the maid, "but when you grow,
You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,
Of every man for to be seen;
I marvel that you grow so green."

3.
"Though many a one take flowers from me,
And many a branch out of my tree;
I have such a store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green."
"But, an they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into town?
Then they will never more be seen
To grow again so fresh and green."

4.
"Though that you do it is no boot:
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.
And you, fair maid, cannot do so:
For, when your beauty once does go,
Then will it never more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green."

MY LADY GREENSLEEVES

1. A - las! my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off dis-courteously, And

I have lov - ed you so long, De- -light-ing in your com-pa-ny. For

oh, Greensleeves was all my joy! And oh, Greensleeves was my de-light! And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold! And who but my la - dy Greensleeves!

f *p*

2 I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee booth at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favoredly.
For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

3 I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest:
And all this cost I spent on thee.
For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

4 Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal right:
And these I bought thee gladly.
For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

5 Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

BARBARA ALLEN

In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid

dwell - ing, Made ev - 'ry youth cry "Well - a - day!" Her name was Bar - b'ra

Al - len.

2.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

3

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when there she came:
"Young man, I think you're dying!"

4.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

5.

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the bell a knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

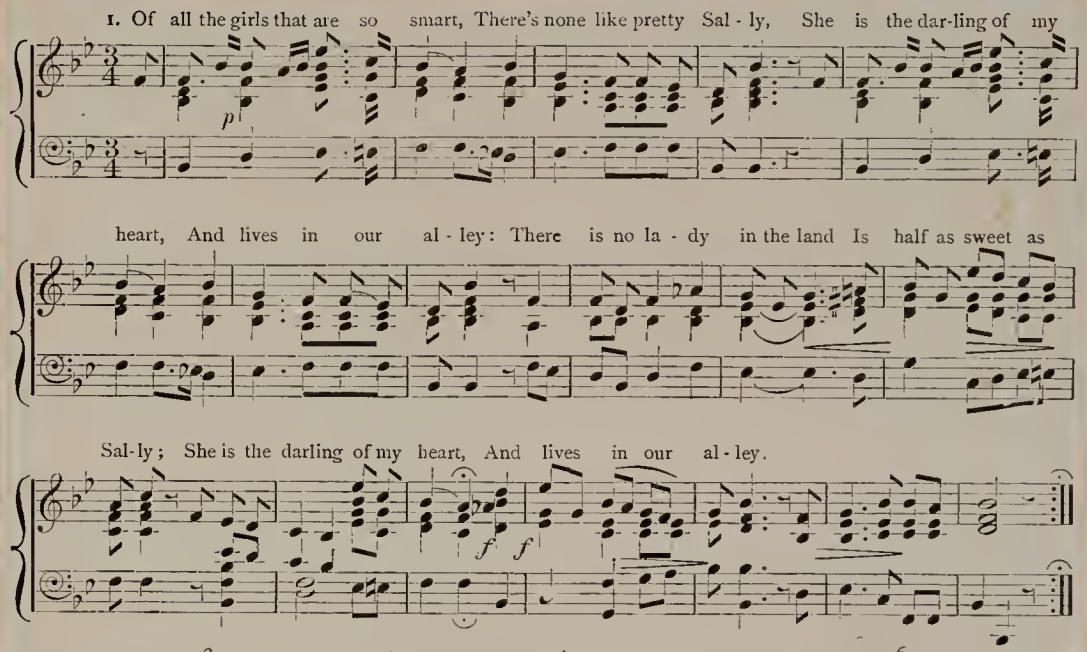
6.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow:
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow!"

7.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen!"

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY



2.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy them:
But sure such folk can have no part
In such a girl as Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

3.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang long as he will,
I'll hear it all for Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

4.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dressed in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

5.

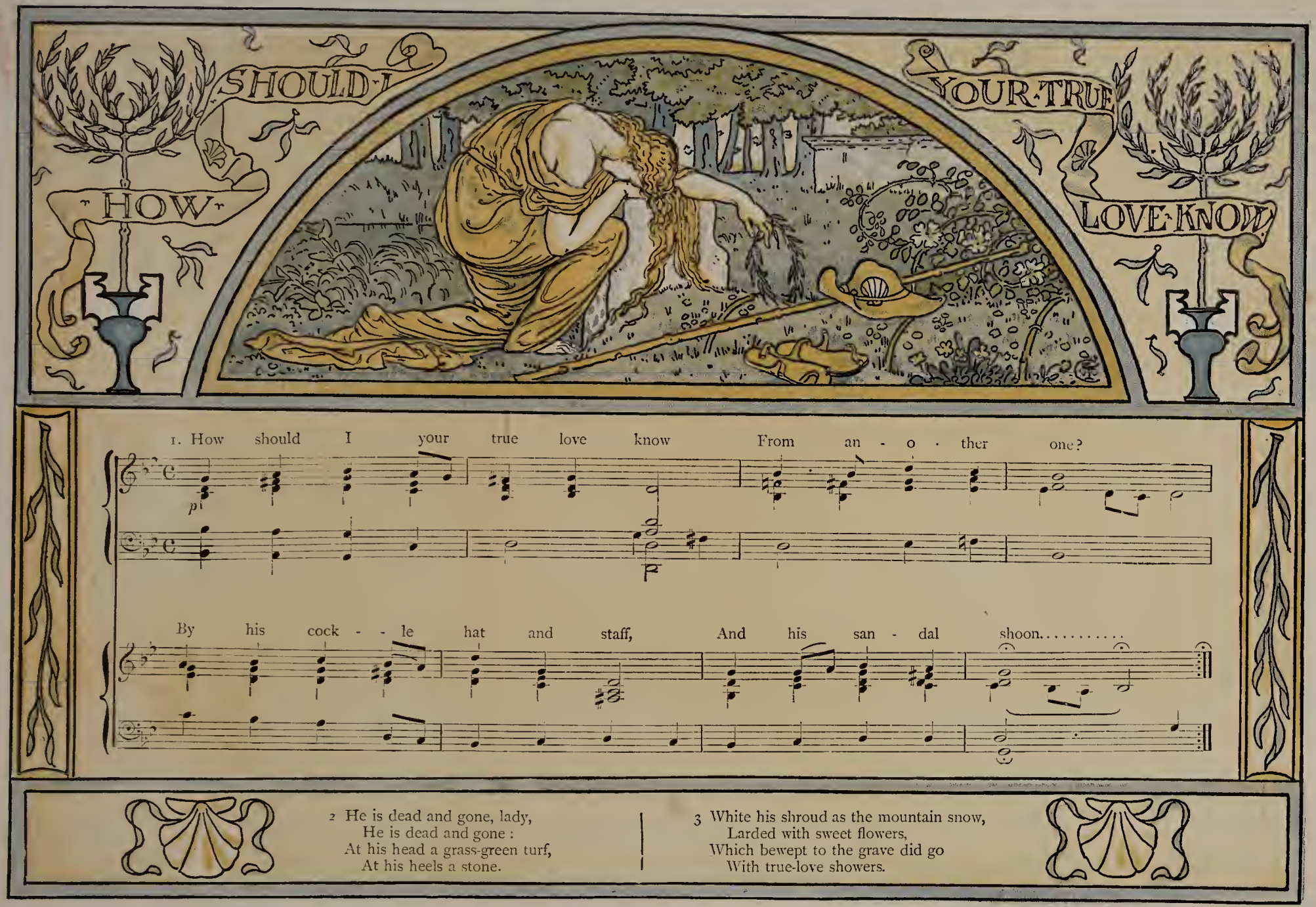
My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamèd,
Because I leave him in the lurch
Soon as the text is namèd:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

6.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh, then I shall have money;
I hoard it up and, box and all,
I'll give unto my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling, &c.

7.

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for she I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley.



2 He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone :
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

3 White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN

2.

Down by a crystal river side,
A gallant bower I espied,
Where a fair lady made great moan,
With many a bitter sigh and groan.

1. Near Wood-stock town in Ox - ford - shire, As I walked forth to take the air, To view the fields and mea - dows

round, Me-thought I heard a dole - ful sound.

3.

"Alas!" quoth she, "my love's unkind
My sighs and tears he will not mind;
But he is cruel unto me,
Which causes all my misery.

4.

"Soon after he had gained my heart,
He cruelly did from me part;
Another maid he does pursue,
And to his vows he bids adieu."

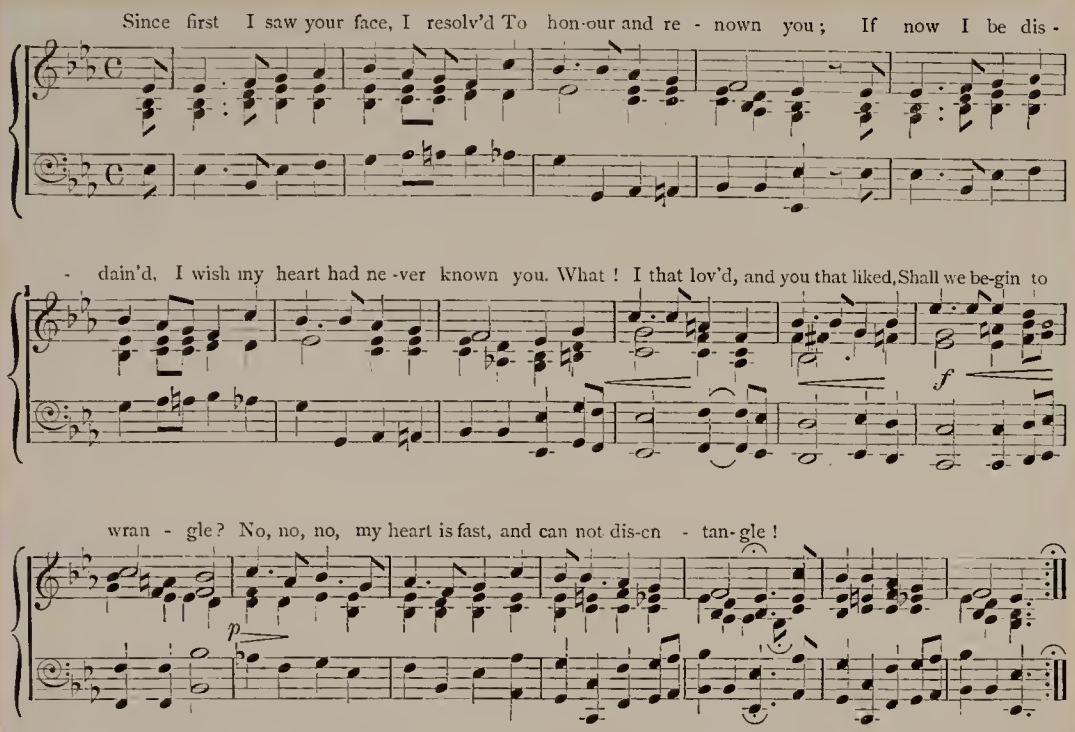
5.

The lady round the meadow ran,
And gathered flowers as they sprang;
Of every sort she there did pull,
Until she got her apron full.

6.

The green ground served as a bed,
And flowers a pillow for her head;
She laid her down and nothing spoke,
Alas! for love her heart was broke.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE



2. If I admire or praise too much,
That fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had strayed to touch,
Then justly might you leave me.
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love;
Is 't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me!

3. If I have wronged you, say wherein,
And I will soon amend it;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it!
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not;
Then, oh, then, torment me still,
And take my life, and spare not!

When the Bright God of Day

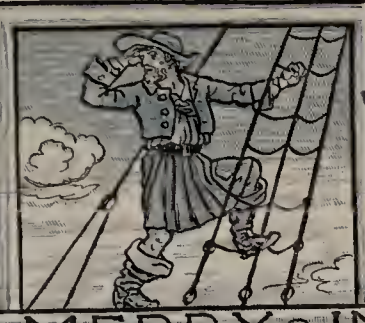
When the bright god of day Drove to west-ward his ray, And the ev'ning was charming and clear; When the swal-lows a-main Nim-bly skim o'er the plain, And our sha-dows like gi-ants ap-pear.

2. In a jessamine bower
(When the bean was in flower,
And zephyrs breathed odours around)
Lov'd Celia she sat,
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

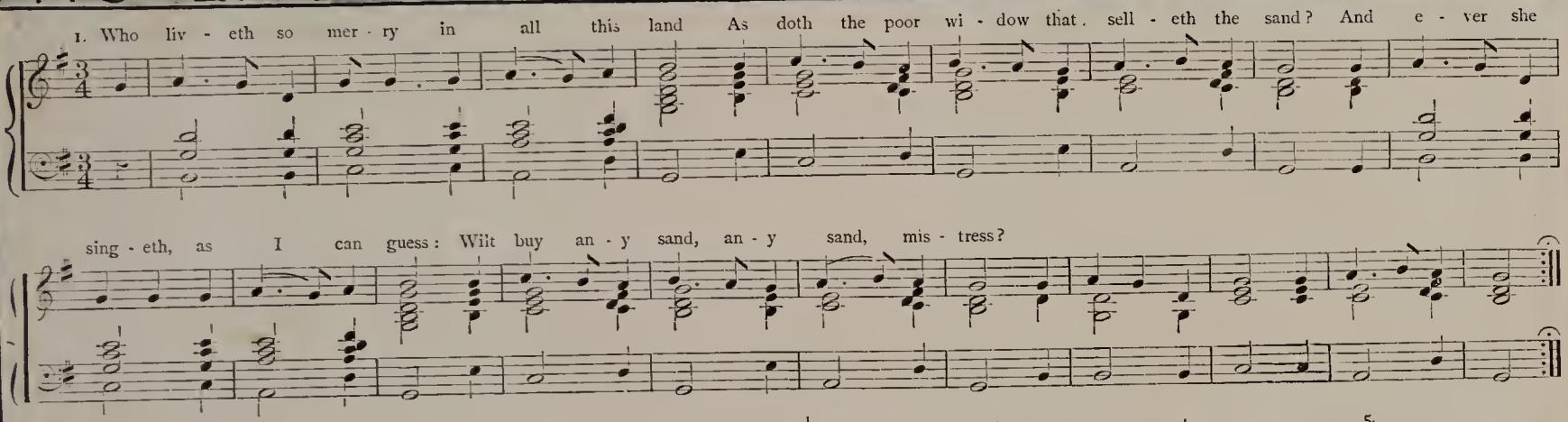
3. Rosy bowers she sung.
While the harmony rung,
And the bees they all flutt'ring arrive;
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and the trees
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

4. The gay god of love
As he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along,
As she touched on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
While echo repeated the song.

5. O ye mortals beware
How ye venture too near!
Love doubly is armèd to wound;
Your fate you can shun,
For you're surely undone
If you rashly approach near the sound.



WHO LIVETH SO MERRY IN ALL THIS LAND



2.
The broom-man maketh his living most sweet
With carrying brooms from street to street:
Chorus.
Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all day long doing nothing but sing?

3.
The chimney-sweeper all the long day
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:
Chorus.
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh himself full merry.

4.
The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done:
Chorus.
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth he say;
For he knows his work will soon decay.

5.
The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on the ship-board with little ease:
Chorus.
Always in doubt the rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

6. The husbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes back he serveth his sow:
Chorus. He moileth, and moileth, all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

7. The serving-man waiteth from street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:
Chorus. And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

8. Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport
As those that be of the poorest sort?
Chorus. The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together, by one, two, and three.

COME LASSES & LADS

1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, A - way to the may - pole hie,..... For ev - 'ry fair has a sweet-heart there—The fidd - ler stand - ing by:..... For Wil - ly shall dance with Jane,..... And John - ny has got his Joan,..... To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down,.... To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.....

2 Strike up, says Wat,—Agreed, says Mat,
And I prithee, fiddler, play;
Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every lad did doff
His hat unto his lass,
And every girl did curtsey, curtsey,
Curtsey on the grass.

3 You're out, says Dick;—Not I, says Nick,
'Twas the fiddler played it wrong:
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

4 Then, after an hour, they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes,
And kisses, too—until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

5 Good night, says Harry,—Good night, says Mary,
Good night, says Dolly to John;
Good night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
Good night, says every one.
Some walked, and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

Phillis on the new made hay

Phil - lis on the new made hay, Fair, but lone - ly still she lay, Wast - ing all the sum - mer day In me - lan - cho - ly

Pastoral, flowing and smooth.

sigh - ing; Till A - min - tor came that way, And bid her cease re - pi - ning.

2.

Told her he had loved her long,
Loved her well and loved too long;
Phillis fear'd he'd do her wrong,
And fear'd to say she loved him;
Till he swore in word and song,
She never need reprove him.

3.

He had bought the wedding ring,
Many a bow and silken string,
Fit for queen or fit for king,
To show he truly loved her;
Thus did he declare and sing,
Until at last he moved her.

HARVEST HOME

Our oats they are hoed, and our bar - ley's reap'd, Our hay it is mowed, and our ho - vel's heap'd: Come, boys, come, Come, boys, come, and mer - ri - ly roar out

Lustily.

Har - vest home! Har - vest home! Har - vest home! Ho! mer - ri - ly roar out Har - vest home!

2. We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again!
Why should the vicar have one in ten?
One in ten—one in ten!
Why should the vicar have one in ten?

3. For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot?
Burnt to pot—burnt to pot?
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot?

4. We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand!
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Old England!—Old England!
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